

# Holmes County Republican.

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## Poetry.

LINES.

BY LORD BYRON.

When coldness wraps this suffering clasp,  
And wither strays the immortal mind;  
It cannot die, it cannot stray,  
But leaves its darkened dust behind  
Then disembodied, deth it trace  
By steps each planet's heavenly way?  
Or fill at once the realm of space,  
A thing of eyes that all survey?  
Eternal, boundless, undecay'd  
A thought unscathed, but seeing all,  
All in earth or skies display'd,  
Shall it survey; shall it recall  
Each fainter trace that memory holds  
So darkly of departed years,  
In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
And all, that was, at once appears.  
Before Creation peopled earth;  
The eyes shall roll through Chaos track;  
And where the furthest heaven had birth,  
The Spirit trace its rising track,  
And where the future man or make,  
Its glance dilate o'er all to see,  
While suns in quench'd or system break,  
Fixed in its own eternity  
Above or Love, Hope, Hate or Fear,  
It lives all passionless and pure;  
As age shall fleet like earthly year;  
Its years as moments shall endure.  
Away, away, without a wing,  
O'er all, through all, its thro' shall fly;  
A nameless and eternal thing,  
Peregrinating what it was to die.

## An Interesting Tale.

GILES ROPER,

OR THE

## Mysterious Murder.

BY A COUNTRY PHYSICIAN.

It is now nearly forty years ago since I first commenced practice in this lively part of the country. In those days I was possessed of little else save a small floating capital invested in drugs, the necessary instruments of surgery, and a wife—the last as necessary an article as any to man in my profession. A very hard life we had at first, and it was not without much ado, and many struggles, that we contrived to keep up cheerful looks and decent appearances. The population was at that time thin, and scarce humanized; it was even reported that they were born with webbed feet; I do not vouch for the fact. Indeed, it was rarely that I had an opportunity of judging how they were born; for such was their headless ignorance, that a few barbarous rapists, landed down from Shem, Ham or Japhet, together with an implicit reliance on the powers of nature, sufficed them in every emergency, and it was long ere they could be induced to have recourse to professional advice, and submit to be physically like rational and christian p. p.

It was with no little surprise, then, that one winter's night, as I was on the point of retiring to the arms of Morpheus, I received a summons to attend a strange lady, who had just arrived at the "Black Lion," and who was prevented by sudden indisposition from pursuing her journey.

"A lady at the Black Lion," quoth I, buttoning on my great coat in a state of extreme bewilderment.

"Quite a lady, sir—quite young and alone; one servant, and a coach-and-four sir," was the reply.

Such a thing had not occurred in the memory of man. Our country was rarely visited at all, save by the landlord's agent, and an occasional commercial traveler; but a lady, attended, too, merely by a servant, it was well nigh incredible; and full of conjectures, I set forth to visit my new patient.

The Black Lion was situated about a half a mile from the village, on what was then the high road. Spite of wind and wet, I made my way as rapidly as possible to the house in question. The paths across the moor were few, and known to few, and rarely traversed save in the pursuit of wild ducks and fen birds. But of all the frequenters of this wild region, Giles Roper, the landlord of the Black Lion, was held to be the most skilled and the most adventuresome. He was a dead shot, and not thought to be over nice on what he pulled a trigger. Many and strange were the stories told of his exploits, but little good was known of him; and his house was the resort of sheep-thieves, poachers, and especially of low gamblers and ruffians almost as desperate as himself.

Such was the character of the man and the spot which I was about to visit, and it was not without feelings of sorrow and apprehension that I learned that a young lady, sick, apparently rich, and unprotected, save by an aged domestic, had been compelled to seek a doubtful asylum. On reaching the house, I was ushered at once to the chamber of the sufferer. It was a mean apartment, low-roofed, not over clean, and evidently ill-suited to the rank of the occupant. Costly garments were heaped on the rickety chairs, and on a plain deal table stood a magnificent dressing case, with an ebony cabinet, curiously inlaid and clasped with silver, by its side. I approached the bed, and to my surprise, found the upper part of the lady's face concealed by a black silk mask; the mouth alone was visible, the tips of which, bloodless and quivering, disclosed teeth perfect in shape and color, but fast set in a paroxysm of pain. I gently opened the hand which lay clenched and rigid by her side. A single jewel sparkled on her finger. It was a diamond of marvelous size and brilliancy; but alas! no plain gold ring was to be seen. As the spasm passed, I begged to be allowed to remove the covering from her face—it could but prove oppressive to her present state—but it was in vain. In a low, gentle, but decisive tone, she replied: "It might not be."

events, it was no part of mine to pry into her secret. Meanwhile, many and anxious were the inquiries of her gray-haired attendant as to the condition of his mistress. "Thanks! thanks!" he exclaimed, raising his eyes to heaven, while the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks, as I at length announced the birth of a female infant, with the assurance that no present danger was to be feared, either mother or child. For some days all went well; the lady, proud of her new treasure, was recovering strength; but the babe itself, weakly and sick, I felt from the first, its days were numbered, and few. It was even so; ere a month had elapsed, the young mother clasped her first-born, cold and lifeless to her bosom.

Well, sir, the fruits of our profession are said to enstee the heart as well as nerve; the hand, to enlighten the intellect, but to dull the sensibilities. It may be so, and it is well it should be so; but I was untempered then, and never shall forget the effect produced on me by the tearless agony of the bereaved one. All desires, all interests, seemed to have forsaken her. The mask was laid aside; concealment or discovery affected her but little now; and with her pale lovely face shaded by dark and disheveled hair, she would sit for days without motion, without speech, but with a look of anguish and bewilderment on her brow that haunts me to this hour.

The child was at length removed; calm it lay, and seemingly well content in its little coffin; then came the gush of tears, and the burst of grief; then did the mother become fully and fearfully alive to her loss—alive to the blow—but blind, poor creature, to the blessing.

One evening, on entering the apartment, I found her just rising from her knees; she was more composed, and better than I had yet seen her, and announced her intention of taking her departure at the expiration of another day. She placed the most handsome present in my hands, and spoke in feeling terms of my kindness.

"I shall tax it," she said, "yet further. You will accompany me to-morrow in my first, my last visit to the grave of my child."

I readily assented, and it was arranged that I should call early on the morrow for that purpose. As I was about to take my leave, she gently laid her thin soft hand upon mine.

"Doctor," she said, looking sadly up into my face, "my sins have been great, but my sorrow has been grievous. I have prayed—how unceasingly, how earnestly!—for pardon, and I dare hope I am forgiven."

Poor soul! I never heard her speak again.

On descending the stairs, I found the landlord in the passage, apparently waiting my appearance. He motioned me into a small, smudged room, yelped the parlor, and significantly closed the door. There was an oily smile on his ruffian countenance, and an offensive familiarity in his demeanor that made me goggle; but it was not my eye to quarrel with the means of the neighborhood, far less with a man so noted as Giles Roper, so I even gulped down my indignation, and submitted to his noisome society as best I might.

"Here's to you doctor," he commenced, pushing towards me a bonker of smoking punch—the punch, by the way, at the Black Lion, I am bound in justice to admit was fascinating—"here's luck, broken bones and a sickly season; but, in the meantime, I hear that I am to lose a lodger, and you a patient, eh, Doctor?"

"The lady," I replied, "health permitting, departs the day after to-morrow."

"Umph! well, I should be sorry to say anything uncharitable or ungentlemanlike; but some folks, you know, are not quite so rich or quite so honest as other folks give them credit for."

"Well, Mr. Roper," said I, not precisely divining his drift, "possibly they may not be—what then?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," muttered the inn-keeper. "I suppose," he added, suddenly, "you have got your fees all right; but all I can say is, not one penny of my fee has been paid yet—that's a fact."

The blood rushed to my face, I never felt so inclined, before or since, to kick a man out of his own house, or, indeed, out of any house. It was a luxury, however, not to be indulged, and I endeavored to reply with composure.

"If you refer to my patient, sir, I beg you will understand that I have been remunerated, richly and nobly."

"Oh!" I never questioned the lady's liberality," interrupted my companion, changing his tone, "it was with her means I took the liberty doubling; we've none of us seen the color of her gold as yet."

tion, the more I reflected upon, the more pregnant with evil they appeared, and I determined that, night once over, it should be my care that his guest did not pass another night under the roof of the Black Lion.

Early on the following morning I set forth, according to my promise, deeply impressed with the necessity of urging the invalid to accelerate her journey. It was needless—her last journey on earth was ended. She lay dead in her bed. Those eyes, once so bright, and yet so soft, were glazed and staring in their sockets; that pale and gentle face was swollen and discolored; her dark hair torn, and a broad livid mark of a man's hand stamped on her ivory neck. She, so young, so beautiful, lay there in that vile den, dead, murdered, with none but strangers to gather round, not a kindred tear to moisten her cold brow; not a loving hand to cast a flower upon her grave.

An inquiry, to discover the perpetrators of the foul deed, was set on foot immediately; but, to confess the truth, there was no one to pursue it with energy; my vicar was too infirm, myself too ignorant in such matters, and too poor; the country squires were for the most part too indifferent or too distant; and in those days our humble village was not blessed with the presence of a lawyer.

From the evidence of two women, who had been left in sole charge of the house—the ostler having been sent to —, to arrange about post horses, and the landlord being engaged with the flying party—it appeared that no alarm had been heard during the night, but on entering the fatal apartment the next morning, they found it stripped of every valuable, and its occupant a corpse. The marks of strangulation were fresh upon her person, and the finger of her left hand, from which the diamond ring had been withdrawn, crushed and bloody. An entrance appeared to have been effected through a scullery door, one so rickety and ill-secured, that it would scarcely have resisted the efforts of a child; thence an access was easily gained to the remainder of the house. Suspicion at first naturally fell upon the lady's servant of the name of whom I spoke, and who slept in an adjoining out-building. All search for him proved fruitless; he was nowhere to be found. But it seemed scarcely possible that a person of his age, an evident stranger, too, to the country, should have been able to make his escape on foot, so successfully as to leave no trace behind whatever; it appeared far more probable that he had shared the fate of his unfortunate mistress. And now, spite of the testimony of two disolute characters, named Marsh—spite of the disappearance of the old man, whose guilt the landlord maintained to be manifest, public opinion gathered heavily around Giles Roper; so heavily, indeed, that, although no direct evidence could be adduced, he, together with his new associates, found it advisable to quit the neighborhood for a time.

Meanwhile, nothing further could be done; no clue could be discovered either to the missing servant, or to the property which had been stolen; the body was accordingly buried, and the affair permitted to rest.

About eleven months had elapsed, and people well nigh ceased to talk about the matter, when Mr. Roper once more ventured to take up his residence in his old abode; and it was reported about the same time that the two companions of his retirement had been seen lurking about the adjoining villages. The Black Lion, however, was deserted; bad as its former frequenters were, partly from a feeling of just horror, partly, perhaps, from superstition, they turned from the scene of blood-shed, and shunned the company of the reputed murderer. About this time, too, in consequence of the drainage then being commenced, it was found necessary to turn the broad inn into its present position, and the landlord was left in its solitude. But one visitor was known to cross the threshold—the sexton. He was a strange old man, and had exercised his calling beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the parish. He lived alone, with the implements of his trade, and never seemed happy but when called upon to ply them. At the grave he was all glee and merriment; singing and whistling at his work, and tossing up the heavy clay with an energy that would have done credit to a man in his prime. At other times he was moody and malicious in his manner; the children, one and all, looked upon him as an evil being; the women abused him, and the men contended themselves with exchanging a passing salutation. His evenings had been for the most part spent at the bar of the Black Lion; and then his eye would light up with a fierce and almost fiendish interest as he pursued the course of the games of chance, of which the bar in question was commonly the scene.

Such was the sole companion left Mr. Roper. Giles, however, was not a man particularly sensitive to indications of popular feeling. He stood his ground manfully—smiled at averted looks and resented open insults. His bold bearing in the course of time had, probably, borne down the resentment of more active enemies, and been accepted by the indifferent multitude as an evidence of innocence. The trial, however, was not allowed him. Before a month had elapsed from his return, he was summoned to a sterner tribunal than that of one day. Pursuing his customary sports one day in the fen, his gun burst in the firing, and the wretched being was brought maimed and senseless to his home. The effects were beyond measure frightful; three fingers hung loosely by the lacerated tendons from his right hand; his left was shattered to the elbow; the lower jaw was fractured, and a piece of the broken metal had buried itself deep into the centre of his forehead.

On being informed of the accident, I once more, though not without a feeling of distaste and repugnance, hurried to the roadside inn. As I was ascending the stairs I heard foot-steps hastily pacing the room above, and at the same time the following somewhat remarkable words were audibly pronounced in the harsh, shrill voice of the sexton:

"Cheer up, Giles Roper; you will have fair play. We have sworn it on the book, Giles. *Alive or dead you will have fair play.*"

A groan from the dying man was the only reply. On my entering, the sexton seated himself, and, relaxing into his habitual silence, watched the proceeding with a contemptuous scowl. His miserable companion was far beyond the reach of human skill; nothing remained but to dress his wounds, and administer an opiate. Having done so, I immediately departed. Giles Roper died that night.

About a week after the funeral, one dark, stormy night, I was returning from a visit to a patient who resided at a considerable distance. The wind, laden with a heavy mist of the fens, swept howling across the level; at times a burst of sleet, sharp and sudden, would almost strike me from the saddle; then the moon for an instant would be seen on high, stemming the rushing clouds; and then, again, the icy fog in huge rolling masses closed around me. My horse was well nigh up to her knees in mud and water, and, in spite of my exertions, it was past twelve before I gained the village; no sound save the melancholy moaning of the wind was to be heard in the deserted street. The good folks retired early that night. Dismounting—for in so dark a night the road was dangerous—I made my way along the narrow causeway, and on arriving at the church was startled by perceiving an unusual though a dim light glimmering through the church window.

Feeling assured that no good could be working at such an hour in such a place, I left my nag to find her way to the stable as best she might, and, leaving the old churchyard wall, approached the building. For a moment my heart failed me, and an indescribable sensation of awe came over me as I felt I was within a few yards of some dark and unalluded deed. The quail passed in an instant; the next moment my nerves were strung, and my pulse beat full and firm as ever.

It was no hard matter for one young and active to raise himself by means of the buttress, and the uneven surface of the stone work, to the level of the window in question. Merciful heavens! Forty years have passed since then, yet every feature of that fearful sight is fresh in my memory as though I looked upon it but yesterday.

You, sir, have examined the interior of our church, and could not fail to have remarked an antique tomb, that stands near the altar. It is the resting place of the founder of the pile. The good knight's shield and banner still hang on the wall above. Round this tomb were four persons seated, engaged apparently at play. In three I recognized at once the sexton and the two brothers Marsh; the fourth was a corpse. Yes, there in his grave clothes, bound and handcuffed, sat Giles Roper, the landlord of the Black Lion. There was a terror in that sheeted form, dragged from the charnel house to join the impious revel, that might have appalled a stouter heart than mine. The face half hid by the shroud, half lit by the flickering lamp, seemed, as the shadows flitted across its livid features, to waken into life, and vary its expressions with the progress of the fearful game.

Before the dead men, counters and cards were placed, and as his turn came round to play, the sexton regularly selected one of the latter from the parcel; while from the ebony cabinet of the murdered lady, which stood, half emptied of its rich contents, on the centre of the slab, the victors drew their stakes at the conclusion of each deal. Of this party the sexton alone seemed so beat even, and he grimed and chuckled as he swept his double portion of the glittering coin, now chiding, now praising his ghostly partner as the luck ran off with or against them. On a sudden the stone which had hitherto supported my weight, slipped from its position, and with a vain attempt to save myself, shivering the wino in the net, I fell heavily to the ground. The light was instantly extinguished; the players were evidently alarmed. Not a moment was to be lost. Bounding across the turf, I again leaped the fence, and ran at full speed towards the more respectable part of the village.

In less than half an hour a body of the principal inhabitants were assembled, and my story hurriedly told, we proceeded en masse to the consecrated church. All was dark and still, and every portal barred. The blacksmith, however, with a vigorous application of the sledge hammer, soon effected an entrance through a small door, which, opening into the belfry, communicated with the body of the building. Chained, nave and aisle, were all searched, pew and pulpit—all in vain. Not a corner, not a nook was left unexplored; but no trace of the sacrilegious visitants was to be discovered. Already had my companions begun to wax discontented, and to grumble at being roused from their bed on such a bootless errand; hints were thrown out concerning stocks, horsepots, and smaller instruments of popular primitive justice. Confounded, and almost inclined to doubt the evidence of my own senses, I leaned hopelessly against the old tomb, when suddenly something on the pavement caught my eye; it was the diamond ring! The same I had seen on the finger of the fair stranger.

Again the tide turned. "To the sexton!" shouted the blacksmith; "the old fox must have run to the earth; we'll un-kennel him yet." And, shouldering his huge hammer, he struck off, followed by the whole crowd, towards a small outlying which was close at hand. The door was forced in a moment, and in spite of the curses and protestations, the wretched culprit was dragged from his bed, and placed under strict watch for the remainder of the night. As day broke, parties, armed with the readiest weapons they could procure, started off to scour the country round, and ere noon the two Marshes, bound and handcuffed, were brought in, having been concealed in a neighboring barn. The vault in which the landlord had been buried was next examined, and the coffin-lid found to be clumsily and imperfectly secured, the body itself betrayed evident symptoms of recent disinterment. Still in spite of every endeavor, no portion of the stolen property (the ring excepted), could be brought to light.

The first day of April, the new Governor will be saved from the trouble of discriminating between legal and illegal candidates for the right of suffrage, and from various ugly responsibilities which might devolve upon him while the enumeration of voters is taken. He will merely be compelled to enforce the provisions of the on the thirty Monday in June—the day when the sixty delegates to the Constitutional Convention will be chosen. It will be interesting, after the Convention shall have formed a Constitution establishing slavery, which is to be submitted to Congress, without the subsequent ratification of a popular vote, to hear the Governor's testimony as to the fairness with which the experiment of popular sovereignty was tried in imposing that Constitution on a people, three-fourths of whom, at least, are opposed to its adoption.

Mr. E. P. Stanton, the newly appointed Secretary of State for Kansas, will proceed at once to Kansas, and exercise the Executive functions until the Governor's arrival.

Mr. Snapp takes Mr. Buckram before a Judge.

Mr. Snapp, of the firm of Snapp, Bustle & Co., is considered a lawyer of great shrewdness. Mr. Snapp is some on collecting a debt, and allows that there is not a man in the State sufficiently stocked with brains to get ahead of him in an examination.

Among the gentlemen who failed in 1854 was Mr. Buckram, a dealer in clothing. Buckram owned, at the time he "caved in," some seven thousand dollars, a large portion of which was due to Bitt & Brothers, of New York. Mr. Buckram offered to compromise with Bitt & Brothers, by paying forty cents on the dollar. Bitt & Brothers refused, and went to law. As Buckram offered no defence, they of course obtained judgement. An execution was issued. It produced nothing, however. If Buckram possessed funds they were placed where the Sheriff could not get at them. Mr. Snapp reported to Bitt & Brothers—Bitt & Brothers read the report, and told Snapp to bring Buckram before a Judge.

Mr. Snapp did so. The examination commenced at a short time since, and showed that Mr. Buckram was too old a bird to be caught with chaff.

"Mr. Buckram, have you any money?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars."

"Where is it?"

"In my pocket."

"Will you pay it over on the Judgement held against you by Bitt & Brothers?"

"Now, sir?"

"Why not?"

"It is all laid—bills on the old Bank of Niagara."

"Why did you not say so in the first place?"

"Thought you liked exercise."

"Have you any other money?"

"Not a red."

"Any pianos?"

"No, sir."

"Any jewelry?"

"Some."

"What does it consist of?"

"Two brass breastpins and this ring."

"And what is the value of that ring?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars. It is gold, mounted with a diamond."

"And does that belong to you?"

"Yes, sir—to me individually."

"And are you willing to apply that in part payment of Mr. Bitt's judgement?"

"Couldn't think of such a thing."

"Why not, sir?"

"It's exempted by the statute."

"Nonsense! No law exempts jewelry."

"You are mistaken, sir."

Here Mr. Snapp appealed to the court.—The court decided that the exemption law did not apply to jewelry.

"But how as regards family pictures?"—interrogated Mr. Buckram.

"That's a different matter. Family pictures are exempt."

Well, sir, this is a family picture, framed in gold.

Here Mr. Buckram lifted up a little lid on which the diamond was mounted, and showed to the court a miniature daguerreotype of his wife. The court looked at Mr. Snapp, and Mr. Snapp looked at Mr. Buckram and Mr. Snapp looked at the court.

"How says your Honor—is that a family portrait?"

"I think it is."

"And being so it is exempted from execution, is it not?"

"I suppose I must decide so."

"And having so decided, Mr. Snapp, as a matter of course, pays the cost of the examination?"

The judge said "Yes," and Mr. Snapp "bit his fingernails down to carpet tracks," and swore in eight syllables. He paid costs, lost the office, and says he will have Buckram in the state's prison if he has to buy a hundred dollars' worth of perjury to effect the object. Buckram takes the matter coolly, and says go ahead. It strikes us that Buckram's examination comes under the head of sharp practice.—*Abney Police Trib.*

INTERESTING RE-UNION.—Gen. La Vega, the Mexican General, is stopping at Willard's Hotel, a Washington, as is Col. May, who took La Vega's guns, and made him prisoner at the battle of Palo Alto; and to complete the curious re-union, Col. Magruder, to whom Mr. La Vega over for safe-keeping is at the same hotel. It must have been pleasant as well as suggestive to see these warriors assembled at the same dinner table, in a friendly way, and popping champagne corks instead of nine-powers.

THE Salem Reg. mentions that a gentleman in that vicinity came near being choked, a few nights since, by swallowing his teeth while asleep. A surgeon arrived in time to save him by taking them from his throat with an instrument.

Seeds—Get them Ready and Prove them.

Go into any well conducted seed store at almost any season of the year and you will see tumblers or other vessels with water, with a wad of cotton on the top of it. An examination of these vessels will show you sundry seeds of various kinds lying upon the cotton or imbedded in it, where they are not actually in water, but are supplied with moisture constantly drawn up from the water below the cotton. In this arrangement the seedmen are trying the vitality of the seeds they have to sell.

Now this same process, or one equally as good and with the larger grain better, should be put into practice at once by every farmer and gardener. How often the labor and other outlays upon a whole field lost by the failure of seed to vegetate. But a single hour's time will suffice to test all the seed for a whole farm. Take corn and turnip seed for example.

Select from the whole mixed mass of seed to be used, say fifty to one hundred grains, if the total quantity be large, and plant these in soil placed in earthen pots or boxes, and keep them moderately moist and warm. A very few days will show whether the whole seed, or what proportion of it, will vegetate. It is always better to make two separate trials of each mass of seed, in order to guard against the accidents of wrong temperature, moisture, &c. For small parcels of costly seed, the trial need not be made with more than a half-dozen taken at random from the whole mass. If the common stone-ware flower pots are convenient, any other vessel or box may be used. The ordinary earthen table bowls may be used, but it is always best to have a hole in the bottom through which water may be taken up by capillary attraction (be sucked up) to the surface.

The tumbler of water with cotton upon the surface will, in most cases, suffice for sprouting seeds, but if they fail in this way, at least two trials in earth should be made before a final condemnation. It is a sufficient test if the seeds merely start a little green. The south window of a cellar, or better, that of a warm sitting-room, will furnish a good place for setting the testing vessels. Of course if you have a hot-house that is still better.

We deem this of importance especially when seeds are purchased of dealers upon whose integrity you cannot confidently rely, and even then it is well to try the seeds, as well as those of your own production, since the germinating power is lost by over heating, or otherwise in transportation, as well as during storage in the granary.—The trial will cost next to nothing, and one can plant and sow with far more confidence and one pleasure if absolutely certain that his seed is alive. Let this matter be attended to now, so that time may be had to replace any seed which chances to be defective.

A German Funeral.

The Vermont Journal has a correspondent in Berlin, who describes a German funeral thus:

Yesterday, I attended the funeral of Mrs. Knauff, the wife of Professor Knauff, of the University. Around this excellent mother, deceased at the age of fifty stood her thirteen children, three sons-in-law, and two grand children. The coffin was of a style which I have seen only in Germany, the height being about two and a half times the usual or necessary measure, the breadth and length diminishing from below upwards, by successive grooves outward and upward. Being inclined at an angle of 45°, each groove diminishes the absolute width of the coffin, and so on to the top, which becomes quite narrow and comparatively short. The whole was ornamented by wreaths and bouquets and numerous single flowers. The room was with closed window shutters, and lighted by chandeliers, each of the children of the deceased having one or two candles.

Two clergymen were present, one of whom opened the exercises, the other closed them with remarks and prayer. The reading of the scriptures and words of exhortation and consolation were by members of the family. The singing was of lines prepared for the occasion, some of them composed by the deceased while yet in health a few weeks before her death.—The procession walked, singing, to the family burying ground in the spacious garden attached to the mansion, and returning to the house, the father had yet a word of consolation to his family, and thanked the audience for their kindness in assisting on the solemn occasion.

PICKPOCKETS ON THE RAILROAD.—Friday morning last, a man named Joseph Horner was robbed of \$800 in money on the train coming west, on the Central railroad, due here at one o'clock. The money was composed of a \$10 and \$20 note on the bank of Pittsburgh, a \$20 note piece, and the remainder in Harrisburg paper, was taken from his pocket, while sleeping between Harrisburg and Greensburg, as Mr. H. is certain he had it when he left the former point. The gentleman was emigrating to the West with his family, and the loss rendered him entirely destitute of means. Through the kindness of Mr. T. A. Scott, Superintendent of the Western Division of the road, he was furnished with a free pass, and enabled to return to his home at Hanover, York County, Pa.

A splendid setter dog which Mr. Horner had with him, and intended taking to the west, was presented to Officer Patterson, of the Mayor's police, in return for his efforts to ferret out the thieves, though, this so far has proved unsuccessful.

Railroad pickpockets have become an intolerable nuisance to travelers lately, and a great many facilities are offered on our night trains to commit robberies. Cannot some remedy be devised for this evil?—*Pitts. Gaz.*

If a man is not married, the ladies make free of him to say that "disappointment" is the cause.

miscellaneous.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

Kansas—Gov. Walker.

WASHINGTON, March 29.

Robert J. Walker's letter of acceptance of the Kansas Governorship was finished last evening. In it he assures the President, to whom it is addressed, that he had been induced to change his determination to decline the office by the Executive's assurances of the importance of the mission, and of his own peculiar fitness for it. He reiterates his belief in the soundness of the principles of "popular sovereignty" announced in the Kansas-Nebraska act—a principle, in his opinion, constituting the basis of all free government. He maintains that it must yet have a triumphant and beneficent operation in Kansas, and that it would be folly to swerve from it or adopt any substitute for it in the government of the Territory. For himself, the new Governor declares he shall insist on the right of the majority of the people of Kansas to settle their own institutions, and he shall resist any attempt of outside influences or of a resident minority to impose a constitution or a code of laws abhorrent to the will of the majority.

In the maintenance of this purpose he calls upon the patriotic and intelligent citizens of Kansas for their support, expressing a confidence that they will submit to that peaceful arbitration of the questions in dispute among them, which is provided by the Constitution and laws of the land.—He assures them that he goes out to his labors with the expectation that no appeal to arms will be needed to sustain the action of the civil authorities.

The above sketch of Gov. Walker's letter is derived from one of his personal friends who has seen the letter. To the principles declared in it, the representatives of the Kansas Pro-Slavery party now in Washington have given their assent, promising Walker their individual support if the programme shall be faithfully carried out—as they understand it, I suppose.

Gov. Walker still maintains the opinion expressed in his published address to the people of Pennsylvania, shortly before President Buchanan's election, that a fair trial of the principles of the organic act of Kansas must make it a Free State. In this sentiment, also, I understand, Mr. Buchanan concurs, and has avowed, with more than his usual explicitness, to some of the more ultra Southern politicians, that the Democratic party of the North cannot safely stand the continuance of the violent Pro-Slavery policy heretofore pursued in Kansas. The President declares that it will do no good to the slaveholding section, and will utterly ruin the Northern wing of the Democracy to attempt by violence to counteract the operation of those laws of God and Nature which must ultimately make Kansas a Free State. So Mr. Buchanan's friends report him. But the removal of Judge Leconte would be a much more satisfactory manifesto than any private avowals of his character.

By his own desire, Governor Walker's commission will not take effect till the second Monday in May. As, under the census and convention act, passed by the late Kansas Legislature, the list of legal voters for delegates to the Constitutional Convention will have been completed by

the first day of April, the new Governor will be saved from the trouble of discriminating between legal and illegal candidates for the right of suffrage, and from various ugly responsibilities which might devolve upon him while the enumeration of voters is taken. He will merely be compelled to enforce the provisions of the on the thirty Monday in June—the day when the sixty delegates to the Constitutional Convention will be chosen. It will be interesting, after the Convention shall have formed a Constitution establishing slavery, which is to be submitted to Congress, without the subsequent ratification of a popular vote, to hear the Governor's testimony as to the fairness with which the experiment of popular sovereignty was tried in imposing that Constitution on a people, three-fourths of whom, at least, are opposed to its adoption.

Mr. E. P. Stanton, the newly appointed Secretary of State for Kansas, will proceed at once to Kansas, and exercise the Executive functions until the Governor's arrival.

Mr. Snapp takes Mr. Buckram before a Judge.

Mr. Snapp, of the firm of Snapp, Bustle & Co., is considered a lawyer of great shrewdness. Mr. Snapp is some on collecting a debt, and allows that there is not a man in the State sufficiently stocked with brains to get ahead of him in an examination.

Among the gentlemen who failed in 1854 was Mr. Buckram, a dealer in clothing. Buckram owned, at the time he "caved in," some seven thousand dollars, a large portion of which was due to Bitt & Brothers, of New York. Mr. Buckram offered to compromise with Bitt & Brothers, by paying forty cents on the dollar. Bitt & Brothers refused, and went to law. As Buckram offered no defence, they of course obtained judgement. An execution was issued. It produced nothing, however. If Buckram possessed funds they were placed where the Sheriff could not get at them. Mr. Snapp reported to Bitt & Brothers—Bitt & Brothers read the report, and told Snapp to bring Buckram before a Judge.

Mr. Snapp did so. The examination commenced at a short time since, and showed that Mr. Buckram was too old a bird to be caught with chaff.

"Mr. Buckram, have you any money?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars."

"Where is it?"

"In my pocket."

"Will you pay it over on the Judgement held against you by Bitt & Brothers?"

"Now, sir?"

"Why not?"

"It is all laid—bills on the old Bank of Niagara."

"Why did you not say so in the first place?"

"Thought you liked exercise."

"Have you any other money?"

"Not a red."

"Any pianos?"

"No, sir."

"Any jewelry?"

"Some."

"What does it consist of?"

"Two brass breastpins and this ring."

"And what is the value of that ring?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars. It is gold, mounted with a diamond."

"And does that belong to you?"

"Yes, sir—to me individually."

"And are you willing to apply that in part payment of Mr. Bitt's judgement?"

"Couldn't think of such a thing."

"Why not, sir?"

"It's exempted by the statute."

"Nonsense! No law exempts jewelry."

"You are mistaken, sir."

Here Mr. Snapp appealed to the court.—The court decided that the exemption law did not apply to jewelry.

"But how as regards family pictures?"—interrogated Mr. Buckram.

"That's a different matter. Family pictures are exempt."

Well, sir, this is a family picture, framed in gold.

Here Mr. Buckram lifted up a little lid on which the diamond was mounted, and showed to the court a miniature daguerreotype of his wife. The court looked at Mr. Snapp, and Mr. Snapp looked at Mr. Buckram and Mr. Snapp looked at the court.

"How says your Honor—is that a family portrait?"

"I think it is."

"And being so it is exempted from execution, is it not?"

"I suppose I must decide so."

"And having so decided, Mr. Snapp, as a matter of course, pays the cost of the examination?"

The judge said "Yes," and Mr. Snapp "bit his fingernails down to carpet tracks," and swore in eight syllables. He paid costs, lost the office,